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JAMES EVANS

A Pioneer to the Red Indians



By E. E. ENTWISTLE



Wesleyan
Methodist
Missionary
Society

24 Bishopsgate, E.C. 2

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BY

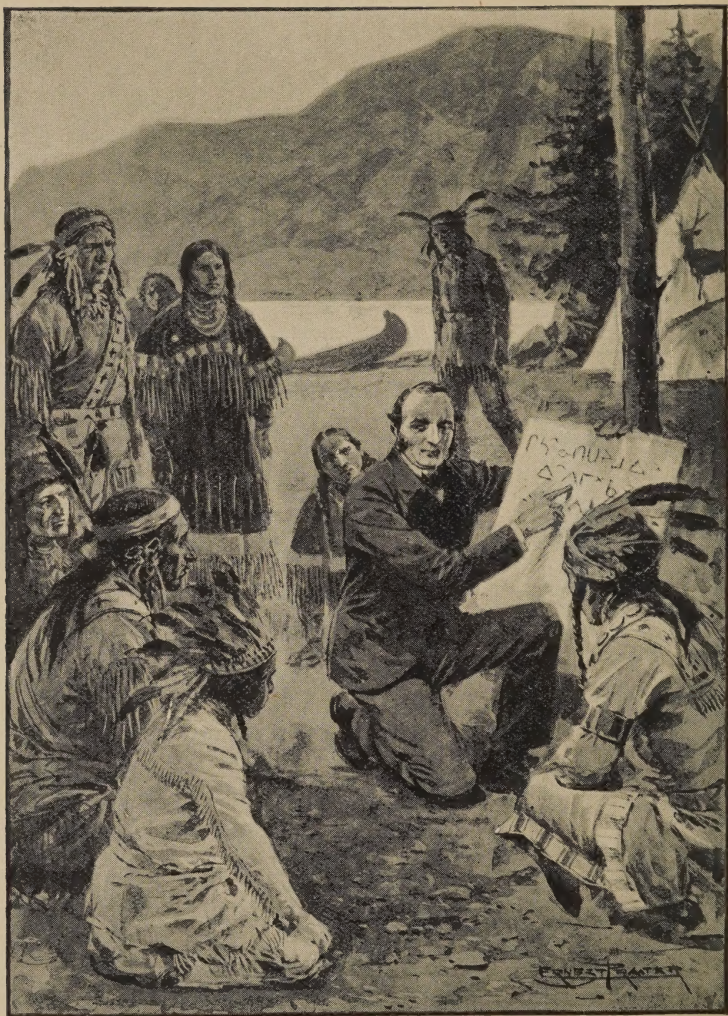
E. E. ENTWISTLE.

LONDON:

WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

24 BISHOPSGATE, E.C. 2.

1917



"THE BLACK-BOARD WAS TALKING."—(See page 14.)

James Evans.

A Pioneer to the Red Indians.

I.—THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

Tall, straight, fearless and strong, the Red Indians roamed over the prairies, hunted great herds of buffaloes to the foothills of the west, rowed down rushing rivers, trapped the fur-bearing animals, and lived a wild out-door life full of wonderful adventure.

But one day a white winged boat sailed to the northern shores. White men landed, and the struggle between the savage owner of the land and the new settler commenced. For long years the fight went on. Sometimes the White man punished the Indians terribly ; sometimes the Indian stole by night on his white foe, burnt his house, killed, tortured, and cleared the district of him for a time. But in the end the Red man had to give way, and gradually he was pushed westwards and kept to certain parts of the great land that had once been his own.

But in the far north the Indian was useful. Long after white men had settled in the east, the great north-west was a wild, hard land still untamed. Here the Indian hunted in the day and set up his camp at nights in the good fishing grounds. Where now the great wheat-lands of Manitoba turn golden at harvest time, but a few years ago only coarse grass flourished and the buffalo roamed in huge herds at his will. These plains were Indian hunting grounds long after White men had seized his fishing places and had turned him out of the coast lands. But still farther north, where the land is locked in ice for half the year, the Indian was not only tolerated, but encouraged to act as hunter and trapper, as long as he sent his furs to the White man's market.

For more than 150 years a company of merchants, the Hudson Bay Co., had traded with the Indians in North-West Canada, receiving furs and other goods, and giving in exchange many articles prized by the Indians, guns, ammunition, blankets, cotton goods, beads, and for a while even the white man's "fire water."

Gradually the company widened its district, and by the year 1840, when our story commences, they were really masters of a vast land stretching westwards to the heights of the Rockies, and northward to the Arctic Circle. They had built forts and trading stations on and near the Hudson Bay, and at the breaking of the ice, the Indians journeyed every year in their birch-bark canoes down the mighty Mackenzie, the Peace, the Athabasca, the Saskatchewan, to the great stormy Winnipeg Lake, or even to the Bay itself.

Away in the forests and on the great plains they trapped the animals, cured and piled up the skins, and then, with Spring, commenced the long journey of perhaps two thousand miles or more, on the broad rivers and across the mighty plains, to sell their goods. The furs were shipped to London and sold for large sums of money.

II.—THE SOUTHWARD DRIFT.

There came a season when the Indian hunters were fewer in number. Well-known Redskins were missing for the first time. White men enquired the cause, but no reason could be found. With the next season, boats were still missing, and then the news leaked out that the Indians were drifting southwards with their families and leaving the old hunting grounds. The White men thought they must be seeking a warmer climate, for the hardships of the frozen north were great indeed. But no, for later came the whisper that the drifting Indians were searching for The Book, the book that told of the Great Spirit Who was Father of White and Red men alike.

The scarcity of furs was becoming a matter for anxiety, and at last the Hudson Bay Company decided that it would

be best to send a Missionary to the Indians, who would take the news of the Book to their hunting grounds, and save them from wandering in search of it. They applied to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who already had a few missionaries among the Indians in Canada, offering to pay well towards the cost of the Mission if anyone could be found willing to undertake such a difficult work. Young and energetic volunteers were soon forthcoming, but the difficulty was to find an experienced man capable of organising the work, someone who knew the Indians, and the best methods of approach.

III.—THE MISSIONARY.

The Father of White and Red men alike had prepared His man for the day of need. In upper Canada for many years there had lived an Englishman, James Evans, who had seen many adventures and had braved many dangers from the time when, as a boy of eight he had accompanied his sailor father on a wild voyage in the Baltic Sea. He was a school-master, but he had not only taught the children of the White settlers. He had been most fascinated by the Indian boys and girls, and with these he had been most successful. Their parents had become interested, and after some years in his district the Indians were forming themselves into little Christian bodies, very scattered, very small, but many of them wonderful Christian people.

Mr. Evans could never do things by halves. The Indian languages attracted him, as well as the people. He studied them, analysed them, and wrote down all he knew about them, as some day he meant these men to have the Bible in their own tongue.

Then came the call from the Hudson Bay Co. for the man of adventure who would travel west and north to the Red men, farther than ever St. Paul travelled on his marvellous journeys. A brave, strong man was needed, one who could face intense cold, wild animals, tempests, blizzards, floods, and never turn back in fear. The Missionary Society soon thought of James Evans and the work he had already

done. Here was the very man who did not know the word "Can't," and who, above all, loved Red men and thought no hardship too great if he might be their servant.

The call came, and the answer followed quickly, for James Evans was delighted to hear of the new task God had planned and joyfully said "Lord, send me."

IV.—THE STATION.

Mr. Evans had to journey from Ottawa to his new station in the unknown north-west. A steamer took him, and his wife and daughter, the first fifteen hundred miles of the journey, through the great lakes to Fort William, on Lake Superior.

The next fifteen hundred miles were to be spent on a canoe, journeying by a chain of small lakes and rivers from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and then across the lake to its northern coast, ten miles from which, on the small river Jack, stood Norway House. This was one of the great trading stations of the Hudson Bay Co. Here every year canoes met from the far northern Mackenzie and the great western Athabasca, Peace and Saskatchewan Rivers. Here the Red men exchanged their furs for other goods, and here Mr. Evans was to make his first Mission Station at the meeting place of many tribes.

In those days (1840) from Fort William westwards the journey must be made in canoes. The most famous of the Indian boatmen were the Iroquois and eight stalwart men of this tribe manned the canoe that was to carry the missionaries the rest of their journey. The birch bark canoe was so light that when the great rapids prevented all progress two of the Iroquois could easily lift it on their shoulders and carry it at a jog trot till the river was calmer. Yet this frail thing was strong enough to carry a ton in weight. It was about 36 feet long and 5 feet wide in the middle, tapering to both ends, and made of birch bark. The framework was of thin strips of cedar to which the bark was bound by fibres from the larch tree.

“ And the forest’s life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch’s supple sinews,
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.”

The days and weeks flew by on the journey, and sometimes the Evans were sorry to think that the delightful journey would end, and they would have to face the difficulties of making a new home.

For the first eight hundred miles the supple boat mounted higher and higher on the rushing waters against the stream. The Indians pulled with extraordinary power and the boat moved swiftly like a dream. Sometimes the water began to whirl and toss and even the magic skill of Indian boatmen could not control it, for strong rapids were near. Then the travellers were obliged to get out and walk, carrying the contents. The sun was delightful as they walked through the glorious pine woods that skirted the rushing rivers, and sometimes they stopped to pick sweet smelling balsam and to admire the wonderful view.

But all days were not merely pleasant. They passed over the watershed to where the waters ran swiftly down to Lake Winnipeg. The bowsman and steersman stood erect with grave, tense faces, guiding the boat past some rock or through the calmer places in the current. The canoemen pulled hard now, so that the boat might outrun the stream itself and as by a miracle the little vessel passed danger after danger, when death seemed imminent.

They reached the sea—Winnipeg—“ the big sea water ” as its name means.

“ Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big Sea Water.”

Here they found a Hudson Bay fort, where they were welcomed by traders and Indians alike. All were eager to talk to someone from the outside world, and the officials showered gifts on the travellers and listened spellbound to Mr. Evans when he spoke his message from the great Father of all. The White men were hungry for these talks that made them think of home and happy Sundays long since passed, and the Red men were keenly interested and longed to hear more. But the great North-West was not yet reached and they must go on. Once or twice the boatmen noted a sudden darkening of the lake. Then a fierce unexpected head wind almost overturned the canoe and the Indians had to pull hard for the nearest shelter. Occasionally, when sudden storms arose, the whole company were drenched to the skin by an enormous downpour, while great waves broke over the canoe, threatening to capsize them. Terrific thunder roared overhead and the most vivid lightening possible played over the waters, blinding the travellers for a moment, and then fading to leave inky blackness. On another day Mrs. Evans and her daughter had just left the boat for a short walk, when they turned to face an enormous black bear. They were very frightened but were thankful to find the bear as startled as themselves, and the great animal shuffled off quickly to their great relief. At last their canoes passed from the lake down the little river Jack for twenty miles and reached the trading station, Norway House. Here they began their home life, and soon made friends with many Indians.

Mr. Evans, however, had more to do than form a mission station. He had to take charge of the whole North-West District, to install the helpers who were sent out to him in suitable places, and to superintend their work. To do this it was necessary to take long, hard journeys. During the winter the great rivers are frozen, and all journeys must be made by sledges, drawn by dogs. Mr. Evans had a famous team of four, half wolves, half dogs. Fifty years afterwards old Indians talked of that team and the wonderful runs they

made. The animals were so fierce that none except their master and the driver dare go near them. Once they tore a man to pieces who went into their enclosure, before the keeper could get to his rescue. But with their master they were obedient and faithful. When the ice was hard and the cold intense, tiny snow shoes were put on their feet to keep them from being torn, and sometimes if their feet were painful they would lie down on their backs, their feet in the air, and howl for their shoes to be put on.

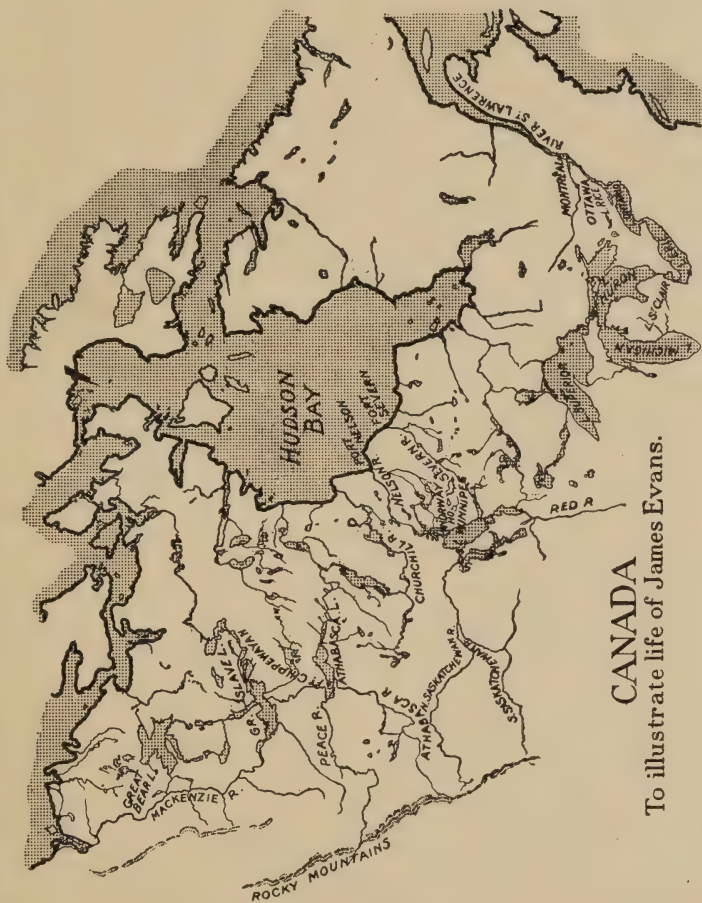
Mr. Evans sat in the sledge well wrapped in furs. The Indians ran by the side guiding the dogs. Across the great snow-covered plains there were no landmarks. Treeless, flat plains stretched on for hundreds of miles, yet the Indian guides ran on and never made mistakes. Sudden terrible blizzards swept the plains, the light snow was whirled in the air, blinding the runners, but still the guide, by some instinct, kept the track and camped by night where he had planned.

If possible, the faithful guide chose the edge of the forest for his camp, or at any rate the shelter of a few trees. Here the dogs were unloosed and fed, wood collected, a great fire made, and water put on to boil. The snow was scraped away and piled high enough to form some protection from the wind. Soon the water would be ready and tea made, but so cold was it sometimes that ice would actually form on top of the tea a few minutes after it had been poured out. At the beginning of the journey his Indians ate tasty venison balls that Mrs. Evans had made for them, with dry biscuit and their tea. But after the journey had lasted a week or two they usually had to fall back on pemmican. This was made by the Indians from the flesh of the buffalo, and contained much fat. The meat was pounded and pressed together into cakes, and as the weather was so cold it kept good all the winter. It was convenient food, as a great deal of nourishment could be carried in a small space, but it is not everyone who would like it at once, as it had a peculiar rancid and fatty taste. Still, James Evans was quite hungry at the end of his ride, and he and his Indian friends had very merry

times round the camp fires and thoroughly enjoyed any food that they could get. Occasionally a storm would come on and spoil supper, and this was indeed trying when the men were longing for a hot drink to put life into them, but starlight, or biting wind and drifting snow alike found the missionary content, ready to accept any hardship necessary to his work.

After supper came prayers, and the forest animals heard the sound of hymn-singing break on the deathly quiet of the solitudes. Then the master was prepared for bed. Very carefully they wrapped him round and round in many blankets, over his head, under his feet, so that not even the tip of his nose showed outside. Then they laid him in a trench dug in the snow, piled the snow round him, and bidding him not stir till they awoke him, the Indians wound themselves into their own blankets, and, feet to the fire, all fell asleep. At first the missionary felt he must be stifled, but he soon got used to sleeping without air, and it was the only safe way. In the silence and blackness of the night the watchman occasionally saw two fierce bright lights burning at a distance. Sometimes the lights crept nearer, then more came out of the darkness. Swiftly he put more fuel on the fire : the wood crackled, the flames leaped up, and the burning spots of light grew fainter and disappeared. The howl of wolves in the distance told that the danger was past for a while.

Away to the far north, where the giant Mackenzie river sleeps for half the year, this fearless man journeyed, with his devoted Indians and his tireless dogs. North, still north, over frozen plains, the day and night alike, he passed to where the sun hardly rose above the horizon, to the land of the glorious Aurora-Borealis. Suddenly the grey land in the half light would become fairyland. Great curtains of ever-changing light, orange, purple, crimson, blue, and a hundred wonderful nameless shades, trembled in the sky, brilliant from the zenith to the horizon. Then great swirling masses of brilliant clouds would eddy, twist and turn into marvellous spirals that again changed into shooting flashes of light. The wonderful



CANADA

To illustrate life of James Evans.

mystery of the Northern Lights filled the travellers' souls with awe and praise, as, lighted on their path, they still hastened forward and northward. Wherever he went, the missionary noted the places at which he meant to start mission stations, and to-day in the wild North-West in nearly every place where there are mission stations the great pioneer began the work. Wherever he found them, Mr. Evans talked to the Indian trappers in their lonely camps. How strange it must have been for some of these lonely men as they piled up a huge fire at night to see Indian runners coming quickly over the frozen ground, leading the dogs who drew a white man's sledge. Never before had they seen a Pale Face in these solitudes. Quickly they would prepare food, and the best they had ; and glad indeed they were if they had been fortunate enough to shoot a bird, or if they had left a frozen fish. Then round the fire all sat and talked. If Mr. Evans knew their language, he told his story of the Great Spirit Who sent His Son. If not, the interpreters spoke for him, and the missionary used what words he had of the Indians' tongue where he could. So the talk went on, and before they slept the Red men felt they had found a friend, and would go to rest for the night with wonderful new thoughts burning in their minds.

At last he could go no farther north, for he was obliged to return to Norway House before the ice broke, bringing the great floods. So he bade farewell to his last group of solitary Indians, who were loath to lose a new-found wonderful friend, and commenced the return journey.

When the short summer came the giant rivers awoke, tossing great blocks of ice for fun seawards, pressing onwards the great ice masses, piling them to an enormous height and then breaking down the ice barriers they had formed with a crash that could be heard for a hundred miles. So the mighty waters with irresistible strength forced onwards huge icebergs until the sea was reached and the waterways were clear.

Then the Indian trapper packed his beloved canoe and began his long descent. Months later the Indians again met

the missionary as they brought their boats into the Company's fort ; again they talked with him of the Good Spirit who loves His children wherever they live. When they had to say farewell and the Indians turned on the long homeward trail, he promised to visit them again, and kept his promise.

V.—MAKING BIRCH BARK TALK.

Very soon, however, James Evans felt that he could teach very little on these short visits. Perhaps he spent two nights in an Indian encampment, and then did not see the same Indians again till many months later. The teaching he could give was only the dropping of a few words, and there was no one to teach the words of the good Book for months at a time.

The people needed a teacher with them always, and James Evans determined that they should learn to read so that they could have the Bible always in their own tongue.

But when could he teach them ? He might ride out a thousand miles in his sledge, or go up river in his canoe, and settle with an Indian tribe. After supper he could begin to teach. But the next day these same men would be off hunting miles away and perhaps he could not see them for two or three weeks. They would never learn that way. For long he thought over the matter. He was very clever, and untiring in his efforts when once he had set himself a task. He had already thought much about the Indian languages and had analysed their sounds. Now he discovered that there were only thirty-six sounds frequently used, so he decided that it would be best to invent a sign for a sound. If a word contained two sounds it would be represented by two signs, and if three sounds, then three signs would be used.

This could not be done easily in all languages, but the Indian tongue contains few sounds and all words are made up of these. He found that an Indian could learn the signs for the sounds in a day or two, and when he knew them of course he could read.

When the time came round for the Indians to visit the Station with their furs, Mr. Evans had his plans ready for them. Some were already Christians, and their families had settled near the Mission Station where the missionary had secured ground for them and had supplied them with seeds. Their wives and children were now living in comfortable houses with little gardens of which they were very proud. But the fathers could not support the families on the few things that could be grown in this vigorous climate, and so they were obliged to go out hunting and fishing at intervals. As the men came to the Station in large numbers, Mr. Evans invited them to attend school, and the first class in reading was held. Any were welcome, from children six years old to the stalwart hunters. Many came, very curious to know what was to happen. On a large blackboard made by himself Mr. Evans marked out the characters given below, and for some days the school went on all day, the men attending just when they could do so.

THE CREE SYLLABIC ALPHABET.

<u>INITIALS.</u>	<u>SYLLABLES.</u>				<u>FINALS.</u>
	â	e	oo	ah	
a	▽	△	▷	◁	o <i>ow.</i>
p	∨	^	>	<	x <i>Christ.</i>
t	U	∩	∩	C	' <i>P</i>
k	9	P	d	b	' <i>T</i>
ch	7	∩	J	L	' <i>K.</i>
m	7	∩	J	L	- <i>Ch.</i>
n	o	σ	o	q	c <i>M.</i>
s	7	∩	J	L	o <i>N.</i>
y	4	∩	J	L	o <i>S.</i>
					z <i>R.</i>
					ξ <i>L.</i>

*A dot over any syllable
lengthens the vowel sound.*

Thus. L σ ∩ • Manito. - The Great Spirit

LL Mama.

<< Papa.

< >^ Papoose.

Mr. Evans repeated the names of the signs and the Indians said them after him. But it was rather uninteresting work, and the patient teacher could often see a good many waving head feathers, but not many attentive eyes. Sometimes a few wandered round to smoke or to chat to a friend. Presently he began to combine some of the sounds. The class repeated, and found they were saying real words. For instance, he pointed to the signs "ma," "nee," "to," and the Indians read very slowly Ma-ni-to. Then he pointed out another set, and another. Intense excitement stirred the school. They were saying words. The blackboard was talking. It spoke the name of Manito, the Great Spirit, and words concerning Him. There was no lack of interest now, and no one had time to chat or smoke.

Next the missionary saw he must have books. Most men would have written home to England asking for help that could not come. But Mr. Evans was not only a master of languages, he was a master of circumstances too. The pioneer set out to print books without paper, ink or printing press. Like Hiawatha he had already called on the good birch tree.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree !
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your white skin wrapper !"

From the birch tree he took the white inner lining of the bark and the Indian women cut him clean white square pieces all the same size. On these he wrote in charcoal, using his new signs, beautiful passages from the New Testament and favourite hymns. Now the school went on famously, for there were many teachers. As arrivals from the later boats came in all the scholars wanted to teach the new-comers in order to show how much they knew.

But this was not enough, so Mr. Evans spent months thinking out a plan for printing. He made ink of oil and soot. An official of the Hudson Bay Co. gave him an old Jack press that had been used for packing furs, which he

converted into a printing press. His type was made from the sheets of lead that line tea boxes which he begged from the traders. The type was his greatest difficulty, and he describes in his diary his many failures and experiments, until at last he made really successful type. The bark leaves increased in number and the women began to stitch the separate leaves into books with deer skin covers. When the brigades (as the companies of boats were called) were ready to set off again on their return journey, their owners carried with them the precious books. Months later and thousands of miles away from Norway House, on the edge of some scanty forest, the camp fires burned as hunters read the message of Life by the flickering light, and taught their companions the meaning of the signs, so that wanderers who never reached the Mission Stations heard the magic words of Love and remembered.

But the medicine men were angry. They were all the people had known as priests as well as doctors, but now they could foresee disaster for their profession. They prophesied floods, storms, fevers, and many of the Indians were afraid to touch these "talking books," but many others who had begun to understand clung to the words of Life and scorned to fear the medicine man, his charms or his curses.

Long since the quaint birch bark books have disappeared. They were not made for a long life. But their story reached England, and soon paper, type and a real printing press were sent out to Mr. Evans, as well as the money to buy a printing house. So the work could go on rapidly and the books be multiplied for all who needed them.

VI.—AN ADOPTED INDIAN.

The long journeys continued, for the great man had taught some of his faithful followers so well that they had become scholars and preachers. They were able to help him in translation, and to take charge of the school and go out on long preaching journeys. The master left them in charge when he undertook a long inland journey. To help

him in his work he built for himself a tin canoe in which he travelled many thousands of miles. It flashed in the sunlight as his canoemen pulled it with swift strokes, so that the Indians called it "The Island of Light." He set out one day to visit a settlement at Fort Chippewayan, on the Athabasca River, where he had stationed a number of Christian Indians. He took with him two Indians, both of whom were his faithful friends. One of them, named Hassel, was a brilliant linguist, speaking English, French, Cree and Salteaux perfectly, and several other tongues slightly. They pushed on rapidly, and as there was plenty of game they shot as they had need of food. One morning as the canoe was rapidly moving over the water Hassel sat in front, Mr. Evans in the centre and the other Indian in the stern. Hassel said "I see ducks. Hand me the gun." The Indian who was in the stern lifted it, handed it to Mr. Evans, who reached both hands back for it without looking. Somehow or other the gun went off just as Mr. Evans took it, and shot Hassel right through the head. The Indian gave the missionary one sad look and fell dead in the canoe. The two who were left wept like children. They were dazed and bewildered. Far away from any human beings on the lake-like river, they could not carry their friend's body back to Norway House nor to his own home far beyond Athabasca, for the journey was too long, so at last they pulled to the shore and knelt there beside their friend a long time praying and weeping till God sent calm to them, and they were able to dig a grave and lay him in it. Then started the terrible homeward journey. But the friends at home were even more sorry at the terrible blow which had fallen on their beloved teacher than at the death of their clever and good friend Hassel, for they saw how this worry had preyed on his mind.

Mr. Evans determined that there was only one thing to do. The tribe to which the dead man had belonged was pagan. His people, the Chippewayans, had a law that all blood must be paid for in blood, a life for a life. The missionary felt that he must keep this law. So he settled his

affairs at home, said goodbye to his dear ones, and set out for the far distant home of the Chippewayans. When he arrived he asked for the wigwam of the dead man's people, entered, sat down on the floor and burst into tears. The relations crowded in and at first could not understand what was wrong, until Mr. Evans told them of the dreadful tragedy. Instantly there was angry talking. Tomahawks and knives were flourished. Some cried for vengeance at once, and others wished to wait. Mr. Evans sat quite indifferent. Then the old squaw, Hassel's mother, stood up and putting her hands on Mr. Evans' shoulders, said, "He shall not die. There was no evil in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live and shall be my son in the place of the one who is not among the living." The hot-headed ones demurred and wished for instant death, but the mother prevailed and protected her new son. When the days of mourning were ended Mr. Evans was adopted into the tribe and family, and from that day onwards he was a good son to the old Indian and his squaw. He stayed with them for a while and told them of Jesus, whom their son had loved; when he left them to return to his work, he always sent them a just share of his money, as the dead man had done, and kept them in comfort to the end of their days. Perhaps few men have a conscience so tender and just as to compel them to such a risk and responsibility.

VII.—THE DAY OF TRIAL.

For some years the missionary had preached to his people that they must keep God's laws and remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. During the few months of summer the boats, manned by Indians, left the Company's forts on the Bay, and journeyed far inland for two or three thousand miles to collect the furs. The journeys had to be made against time, for if the waters froze the boats could not return and the furs had to be left at some station till the next year. As the servants of the Hudson Bay Co. were paid according to their returns, a big effort was always made

to induce the Indians to travel at full speed and to waste no time. But Mr. Evans pointed out to his own Christians that they should rest on Sundays on these journeys and have time to worship quietly and thoughtfully. The Governor of the Company was very angry when he found that the crews were resting on the Sundays, and ordered them to put in full time, and Mr. Evans was forbidden to preach this doctrine again. The missionary was not to be frightened and continued to speak what he believed to be right, but he begged the Governor to give the system a trial and promised him that men who rested on the Sunday would get their work done quicker than those who worked seven days a week.

The Governor would not hear of this, and when he found that Mr. Evans was disobeying him he set out to ruin him. He bribed witnesses to lie about him and men to accuse him of evil deeds, and then he sent for the missionary to be tried at court, and he himself as judge condemned him and sent letters home to England reporting the trial and condemnation.

The people at the Fort knew the reports were false and many sympathised with the missionary, but dared not say so openly lest they should fall under the displeasure of the unjust Governor.

Finally, Mr. Evans was recalled home, and when all the evidence was brought forward, his innocence was completely proved, and people in England who had believed the evil stories were very sorry and anxious to make amends.

Years afterwards the Indians who had borne false witness against him confessed and told how they had been paid to do their evil work.

And in the meantime the Christian Indians had proved the value of the Sabbath rest. The Christian crews started out in their boats at the same time as those who were still heathen and the boats kept fairly together. When Sunday came the Christians washed, dressed in their best clothes and held a service on the banks. Part of the day they rested and again in the evening worshipped God. Very early the

next morning the canoes were off. The seven days a week Indians were now well ahead, but their men were tired with continual work, and flagging. Before the next Sunday the Christian boats had caught up and were so far ahead that even when their Sunday rest was over their competitors had not passed them. Almost invariably the Christian boats returned to the Fort a week or more ahead of the others. So that, apart from the rightness of keeping God's command, the six day workers were justified.

When his character was cleared Mr. Evans did not at once return to his work but spent some months in England preaching to crowded audiences.

On November 22nd, 1846, he attended a meeting in Hull. So charmed were his audience by his wonderful story that the people cried out for him to go on, and he continued speaking for hours, until well after eleven o'clock. The next evening he had to speak at Keilby in Lincolnshire, and here again the people were most enthusiastic.

After supper Mr. and Mrs. Evans were talking with their friends about the Mission Station, and Mrs. Evans said "I feel as if we shall never go back there." Mr. Evans smiled and said "Well, Heaven is as near from England as from Norway House."

Not many minutes afterwards his host noticed how strangely he was leaning over in his chair, spoke to him, and then found that the great hero of the North-West had found Heaven very near indeed.

VII.—THE WORK GOES ON.

God had called home a tired and faithful servant, but his work went on. Thirty years after Mr. Evans died a dozen stalwart Indians filed silently into a missionary's study in the North-West. He saw they were strangers. "Where do you live?" he said. "Thirteen nights away," they answered. "Why have you come so far?" he asked. "We have the Great Book" said they, "and can read it, but do not know what it means. We are like one who has found

an instrument which makes sweet music. We get a sweet sound here and there, but we have never had any teaching and so we cannot play it aright."

The missionary listened to their story and heard how they had come across a little band of Christian Indians who had taught them how to read, and how, when visiting Norway House with their furs, they had seen a white man who had given them Bibles printed in the Evans' characters, when he discovered they could read. For months they had read each day, but the meaning was hidden from them, and now they wished and begged for a teacher.

In this way the Bible made way for the missionary, who very gladly went where so many were prepared for him. During those thirty years much had been done for the Indians. Many missionaries had been sent out and very many brave, true Indian Christians had carried the message where white men had not passed. Meanwhile, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, who had sent out Mr. Evans and his helpers, had ceased to support the Indian Missions. Many, many years before they had sent preachers to the Canadian settlers. The Canadian Methodist Church had grown and become self-supporting and able to govern itself, and separate from the Mother Church. It was willing to undertake work among the Red Indians as missionary work, and so the English Methodists handed over this work to the Canadian Methodists, since it was fitting that they should care for the welfare of their nearest heathen neighbours, the Indians.

And this work still goes on. And still the Indians use the Bible they can read so easily, since they are printed in Evans' characters. But do not think that all the Indians are yet Christians. In the United States as well as in Canada there are Indians quite untouched by the Gospel, who still call in the rain doctor and the medicine man in sickness.

The story of the Red Man does not throw glory on the White Man's history. We have seen him driven from fishing grounds and hunting grounds. He has been given some

parts of America to live in, but little has been done to help him to become really civilized. Yet where Indian boys and girls have been sent to college and educated they have shown real ability, and Christian Indians have proved wonderfully brave, trustworthy and unselfish.

Many American Christian Churches have helped in the work, and more is being done to-day than ever for this people. Yet there is our share still to do. We pray for the evangelization of the world. Men and women of faith will bring that day as surely as the hero of this booklet brought the knowledge of the Kingdom of Heaven to hundreds who must have died in heathen darkness but for his indomitable energy and belief in God.

Then let us pray.

. . . *For a fuller account see* . . .
"James Evans, the Apostle of the North,"
by Egerton Young . . .
(Marshall Bros., Paternoster Row. 3s. 6d.)

CHRONOLOGY.

1801. Born Kingston-on-Hull. Son of a sea captain.
1809. Went with father on two stormy voyages to the Baltic.
- 1810-1827. Apprenticed to a godly grocer in Hull. Attended a church where he heard Gideon Ousley, a famous Protestant Irish Missionary. Was converted.
Became Sunday School Teacher.
Removed to London. Two years later joined his father and family at La Chute, Quebec.
Became a school master to children of backwood settlers.
Married a good and brave woman, Miss Mary B. Smith.
1828. Took charge of an Indian School at Rice Lake, several miles north of Lake Ontario.
1829. Mastered the Ojibway tongue and translated seven chapters of St Matthew's Gospel for his Indian children.
1830. Received into the Methodist Ministry. Kept school and had charge of white settlers for a radius of sixty miles.
Commenced a training school.
1835. Appointed to St. Clair Mission. During his residence the whole tribe embraced Christianity and their lives were entirely revolutionized.
1838. Appointed to Missionary work among the Indians in the regions to the north of Lake Superior. Found them anxious for instruction. Many converted and baptised.
- March, 1840. Received notice to join and be the leader of a party coming from England, who were to proceed to the remote regions of the Hudson's Bay Territory to work among Indians.
- April 24th, 1840. Started with wife and daughter from Montreal for Norway House.
- End of 1840. Invented Cree alphabet.
- Spring, 1841. Perfected type, and made birch bark books.
1846. Returned to England.
- November 23rd, 1846. Died at Keilby, Lincolnshire. Buried in vault of Waltham Street Chapel, Hull.

